

THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Practical Application of Mental Science
in Every Day Living.

Entered at the Post Office at Sioux Falls, S. D., as second-
class matter, October 9, 1899.

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll. Leave thy low-vaulted past.
Let each new mansion, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free: leaving thine out-grown shell
By life's unresting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

VOL. 2. { MONTHLY,
Fifty Cents a Year. }

MAY, 1900.

{ ELIZABETH LOIS STRUBLE,
Ramsey Block, Sioux Falls, S. D. } No. 7

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

Shall I not work?
I, who stand here, in front of human life,
And feel the push of all the heavy past
Straining against my hand? Immortal life,
Eternal, indestructible, the same
In flower and beast and savage—now in me—
Urges, and urges to expression new!
Work? Shall I take from these blind, laboring years
Their painful fruit, and not contribute now
My share of gifts so easy to our time?

Shall I receive so much, support the weight
Of age-long obligation, and not turn
In sheerest pride and strive to set my mark
A little past the record made before?
Shall it be said: "He took from all the world,
Of its accumulated, countless wealth,
As much as he could hold and never gave!
Spiritless beggar! pauper! parasite!
Life is not long enough to let me work
As I desire; but all the years will hold
Shall I pour forth. Perhaps it may be mine
To do some deed was never done before,
And clear my obligation to the world.

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

ALL IN HIS MIND.

Prof. Allen Haddock of San Francisco, is long on phrenology but he is short on mental science. Therefore he has a lot of fault to find with us and "wants to know, don't ye know." Here is what he says in his good magazine "Human Nature" for April:

LIMITATIONS TO WILL.

"The veriest nonsense is written by many so-called mental scientists. For illustration—in a mental science magazine which reaches Human Nature office, a writer says 'any one can become what he wishes to be.'"

"Further on the writer says 'I will be what I will to be' which is another way of saying the same thing.

"It would be interesting if some mental scientist would answer the following questions in such a way as to satisfy common sense people and at the same time make such answers harmonize with such assertions as are quoted above.

"Can anyone become a Shakespeare with a small frontal brain?

"Can one become a Mathematician with a deficient development of the organ of Calculation?

"Or can one excel as a Musician with a small development of the organ of Tune.

"Is it possible to be a Constructor with a small organ of Constructiveness, or can a person deficient in the organs of Color, Form and Ideality ever excel as an Artist, Painter or Sculptor?

"When the mental scientist has answered these questions let him contemplate the following statements:

"One who is deficient in the organs of language and eventuality can no more become an orator, lawyer or successful preacher than can a man see without eyes.

"He that hath ears to hear let him hear, but if he have no ears he will find it difficult to hear a pin drop, however strongly he may WILL to do so.

"The man who does not possess the brain organs which are necessary to accomplish certain purposes cannot bring about the desired results however much will he may put to do the work in hand.

"This is the sole reason why there are so many failures in the world, and these failures are nearly all a result of not understanding phrenology.

"One should consult a practical phrenologist before deciding whether he is capable of doing what he 'wills' to do.

"It is foolish for a person to try to accomplish

something that he is by nature incapable of doing. "Men do not gather figs from thistles." Something does not come from nothing.

"The will is all right but it must have brain organs to work upon in order to achieve success."

Don't you know, Professor, that the fellow with a small frontal brain never *wants* to be a Shakespeare? That the boy with Calculation 4 hates mathematics like poison? And the man with Tune 4 would rather break stones than be a musician? Did you ever see a man with small Constructiveness that wanted to be a builder?

Phrenology is great but it is not the only means of finding out what a man is good for. Every man can find himself out if he will *listen to his own desires*.

A man never *desires* to be what he cannot be. If he is out of his proper sphere you will find upon close inquiry that it was "force of circumstances" that put him there. He may have large veneration and filial love and listened to his parents' desires; or mayhap he took the first thing set before him and large caution and small hope and self-esteem prevented his getting out of the wrong workshop. Whatever the combination of circumstances that conspired to corner that man in the wrong workshop it was not his *desire* that put him there or helps to keep him there.

A man's desire agrees always with his phrenologist and his astrologist and his palmist, provided these latter three are good.

Desire is the unerring guide as to a man's capabilities. How could it be otherwise? Desire is to the human magnet what the magnetic current is to the horseshoe magnet; the power which draws that which is related to it. And as surely as the magnet desires the steel so surely will the human magnet desire that for which it is adapted. And only when there arises an outside force strong enough to prevent will the two be kept apart.

"Circumstances prevent." And the phrenologist calls those circumstances "evil" and says that life is because of them "a failure."

Not so. Life is a school for the education of the perfect man. "Circumstances" compel him to develop the weak points. The poet is compelled to cultivate constructiveness at the carpenter's trade; the Mary is compelled to be a Martha; the Martha a Mary. We look on and call it a tragedy, forgetting that Death is but the entrance to another class and that in time we shall pass to endless new classes without using that particular door.

We are doing it now. We are waking up to life and its possibilities and passing in a few weeks or months through experiences that occupied a life time only three or four generations ago.

We are waking up to the fact that Desire points in the right direction and that in due time we shall attain what we desire—IF— we learn diligently the lessons set us by "circumstances."

"Any one *can* become what he wishes to be." Any man can become what he *DESIRE*s to be. A "wish" is off the same piece with desire but it is too ephemeral to accomplish much. Desire is innumerable "wishes" welded into One, so strong that circumstance, "fate," "bumps," etc. cannot prevail against it.

A man is no more limited as to his future by the

development of his faculties today than a child is limited by the class he is fit for today.

These ologists are too material. They forget that the power which has developed us thus far may develop us still farther. They lose sight of the fact that what a faculty lacks in size may be made up in *refinement*, by constant exercise. There is positively NO limitation to the development a man may, by the exercise of WILL, accomplish in any faculty. He *can* be what he WILLs to be—IF—*will works with desire*.

When I was a little girl the desire of my heart was to be a writer-teacher. My front head faculties are all six and seven according to phrenology. That is why I desired such work. But continuity and self-esteem are in a hole in my cranium. I had no confidence in myself and no stick-to-it-iveness.

As I developed "common sense" (which is more often materialistic rot) I realized my limitations, sighed dismally and turned to something more within the scope of my ability as seen through "self-esteem 4," and an abnormal fear of ridicule. I gave up everything and lived for years with no activity beyond straining daily at two ends that would not meet. If I had been able to stop thinking, as I tried hard enough to do, heaven knows!—I would have been still straining away, an old woman with wrinkles and white hair. But in the midst of all that straining and striving I actually did what Prof. Haddock affirms cannot be done.

I lacked the brain organ of continuity. When I discovered that fact I also discovered a whole Saratoga full of garments cut out and rolled up; garments partly made; garments planned; but nothing finished. I simply couldn't stick to anything, you see, because I had no continuity. Prof. Haddock says so.

But I didn't know a thing about that then. I was only about eighteen years old or nineteen, and I didn't know that I couldn't do what I *wanted* to do. And I *wanted* to learn to stick to things until they were done. Approbateness made me want to.

I set myself to finish up every dud in that trunk before I bought another yard of goods. I didn't know what a task I was setting myself!—for I dearly loved to buy things. But "firmness 6" and an iron will stood me in good stead and I kept my word, though it took several months to do it. After that it was little trouble to nip in the bud every impulse to skip things. I did literally, in the course of a few years, develop the faculty of continuity until I can stick like a leech without a desire to let go. The hole is there in the back of my head yet. Every phrenologist who comes my way puts his finger in it and says "Why—ah—oh—you are greatly lacking in continuity and self-esteem!"

But I am not! Don't you believe it. I've done the impossible. I've all the continuity and self-esteem I need for myself and 10,000 patients.

All those years I never thought of being an editor. I couldn't, you see—didn't have the necessary nerve to think I could do such work.

Then one day along came a first-class phrenologist. He said the same old thing and something else. He said, "If you had self-esteem and con-

tinuity you would have made your mark as a writer."

I went out and thought. The more I thought the madder I got. To think an idiotic little depression in the back of my skull had kept me from even trying to gratify my ambitions!

Now you see if I had known at that time (it was just a year before I issued Vol. 1, No. 1 of THE NAUTILUS) what Prof. Haddock thinks he knows, I'd have wrung my hands and wailed "too late."

Instead, I said "It's never too late"—and went to work to *grow* self-esteem as I had grown continuity.

And I did it. Prof. Haddock may not admire the mark I make as an editor but he can't help taking off his hat to my bump of self-esteem. It may be little; but, oh my!

Again I declare unto you there is nothing impossible of accomplishment to him who *desires*; goes in to WIN; and KEEPS AT IT.

One should consult, not the phrenologist; for verily he will take your cash and tell you "you can't"; but one should consult his own God-given desires.

"The *will* IS alright" and "must have brain organs to work upon in order to achieve success", but *every* man has every brain organ. All he needs to do is USE it. Of course, if it is one, or two, or three, it will take more use to develop it, than if it is four or five.

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Prof. Haddock is off about something else. And Helen Wilmans likewise. They affirm that we mental scientists who don't belong to the Association and spell ourselves with capital letters, attempt to cure poverty without the slightest effort on the part of the patient! All because we give our patients credit with "common sense" enough to *know* without continual harping, that when we treat for "business success" we speak the Word for their success *in business*, not in idleness. Shelton does that subject up brown in last Christian.

UNIVERSAL YOUTH.

A young and beautiful body is the result of young and beautiful thought.

Never mind the results, the body. Waste no energy fretting over that. Love the body; take the best of care of it; make the best of what beauty you have.

But set yourself to *grow young mentally*. Study youth in others and *realize* it in yourself, and you will soon evidence it. *Recall* the youth that is within you. Yes, it is there; but you have let it get out of your thought. Now call it up every time you think of it. Quit calling up old age to look at and vibrate with. It is just as easy to call up youth and feel young as it is to call up old age and feel old.

Habit is all that makes us do either. If we had not been in such a hurry to don long skirts and trousers; if we had not held in youth the *desire* to grow up and become dignified and "wise"—save the mark!—we would have stayed young a lot longer.

We held in mind the pictures of grown-up-ness until we formed that habit of mind. We have a bad habit of growing old.

But what of that? The forming of that habit was an easy and "natural" thing, and it is just as easy and natural to form another habit of growing young.

All habits are formed by ceaseless repetition. The habit of thinking the thoughts of age and death has made us look old.

We let that habit form gradually whilst we were far more firmly fixed in the habit of youth. Whilst we were yet young we thought ourselves old and under great burdens and responsibilities. Those false ideas usurped our mental fields and filled us with themselves.

Well, what of it? We don't like such ideas, nor the results, it is true. But what of it? We did it ourselves because we didn't know any better. We know *how* we did it; by keeping such pictures in thought. We are tired and sick and disgusted with the pictures.

Well, why then do we keep on looking at them? What blessed chumps we are!

But we are learning; and even now we have discarded hundreds of these hideous old weeping-willow and weeping-widow pictures and replaced them with those of pretty children and rosy cupids. To be sure we stand gazing and sighing as yet, and exclaim, "If I had only known years ago; now it is too late—too late!"

But keep on gazing, Sweethearts. You'll forget by and by to sigh. You will get interested more and more with the happy, care-free children and the rosy cupids and you will forget all about your gray hairs and wrinkles and long, black draperies.

You will get INTERESTED in youth and love, and feel at one with them. You will be young and happy with them, and free of responsibility. You will feel that all the world is sweet, and it is yours to love in and enjoy and help make still sweeter. And you will enter into the pursuits and pleasures of youth and love, and be glad with them.

And some day when you are having a gay little frolic with the lads and lassies and the little rosy gods, you will happen up in front of the long cheval mirror and catch a glimpse of somebody.

And you'll start, and stop in the frolic, and stare wide-eyed. For you won't know yourself from the other lads and lassies!

You will have grown to be like that of which you have long been thinking—youth, *life*, LOVE. Your eyes will shine and your hair will be bright as in that other time when you played with the children. Your cheeks will be round and rosy, and, wonder of wonders! the long, black swathing robe will have been transmuted into something short and light and lovely.

And, joy of joys! the LIFE that animates you will be as bright as in other days when you trooped with youth and love; your life will be as young as then, but infinitely more abundant, and FREE as only life is free.

You forgot that life is as young today as it was when first the WORD was uttered. You forgot that YOU are LIFE, and that with you is neither beginning nor end of days. You forgot; that is all.

And now you are *remembering*!

You are inspired by my picture. You breathe in—in-spire—LIFE through gazing upon it.

Well, gaze, Sweethearts. It is no fleeting vision. It is prophetic. Know you not that I AM the prophet of God, and that what I prophesy comes to pass? Yes! and even now there are gray locks, and wrinkled faces and black robes that the world shall see transmuted as I have prophesied.

Never mind the *signs*, Sweetheart. There shall no signs be given you. *Get absorbed in the pictures* of what you desire. All the prophecy is being fulfilled.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

"Nearly a month since I joined the Success Circle. Nothing startling has occurred, but one or two things cause me to rejoice. There is a *feeling against* holding for financial success. To me success means *so much* more, and if I get that which I feel I need, the other will come as needed."

The woman who wrote these lines is a reformer, and like 99 out of every 100 reformers, healers and teachers, poor as Job's turkey. I have them on my list by scores, all wanting money, and every one with that "feeling against holding for financial success."

Oh, ye gods! when are we going to get rid of the idiotic old habit of thinking *money* is a "necessary evil"; a "filthy lucre"; something we have to *stoop* to get; something we all confess is mighty good

after it is got, but which we are ashamed to go after?

Wake up and KNOW that money is GOOD—so good that there is nothing better in the whole universe. It is as well worth working for as beauty is worth working for; or "soul culture"; or the world's re-forming. What will do more toward reforming the world than a good income? Listen to George McDonald:

"The best that I can do for the great World, is the best that I can do for This, my world. What truth may be therein Will pass beyond my narrow circumstance In Truth's own right. The world is in God's hands: This part in mine."

I can't do a better thing for this my world, than to *concentrate* my energies upon doing what my world *wants* me to do; i. e., what my world is *willing to pay me for doing*.

The world is ready to pay for that which it really *wants*, ready and eager to do it. Then why not study the world's wants and do something it values, instead of spending my days and energies in doing what the world—my world—wants as a free gift or not at all. Why cast my pearls of thought and act before people to be cast aside as "cheap" and trampled under foot, whilst I am left in rags to starve?

You may measure your value to the world by money. You receive in money exactly what you are worth to your generation. Don't forget it. Most of you are mighty small value.

But it is your fault and nobody's else, *for the world accepts you at your own valuation and pays you as you direct it to.* And you have a "feeling against holding for financial success" because it is born in the mind and bred in the bone that you "must be good for nothing", as the wise mamma told the little tot who wanted a bribe for being good; and that you must not be good for money.

With this idea in mind the Mary's of the world (the Marthas are all good for *money*, every one) live in the clouds and try from that perch to reform the world. When they get good and hungry they come down off their perch and do some very common piece of drudgery for a crust of bread and some duds that Martha would not disgrace her world by wearing.

Verily I say unto you, Martha does better by her world than Mary ever can until she comes right down into it and lays a foundation of solid gold or 16 to 1 silver.

Mary don't like the prospect. She prefers theorizing and lecturing other people who can get all the theories they want free gratis; she prefers that to consulting those same people's "physical desires" and doing something they want done well enough to pay for.

If it were not for poverty, blessed benefactor and guardian angel of Mary, she'd soar into the clouds like any other lightweight and never come back any more, poor thing.

Poverty compels her to get in and dig alongside of Martha. Then she begins to beautify and better her world.

All these poverty-stricken healers and teachers have a "feeling against" doing what they *must* do—make themselves valuable *in dollars and cents*. Everyone needs to go in to WIN on that *line*, *concentrating* for a time every energy and all his time to the one end, *business success*. He is weak at that point and *concentration* of energy is required to strengthen his weak point. His strong points will take care of themselves.

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What is the most important requisite of success in ANY line? *Thought-control*; with which there is *nothing* impossible of accomplishment, and without which man is but the plaything of environment.

Man gains control of his thought by *putting it where he chooses*, and repeating the operation until it is easy to do.

Mary, *put thy thought*, all thy thought, into *business* until though canst *prove* thy thought-control in *dollars and cents*. Then thou wilt be FREE to go where thou chooseth.

The Success Circle.

Treatment for Business Success Only.

Daily I speak for each member of this Circle the WORD of success. Any man or woman is eligible for membership who is engaged in business, or desires to be. Any woman who is a helpmeet to husband or son is partner in business and may join the Success Circle, either with or without the other's knowledge, and receive its benefits for both. One year's treatment and "The Nautilus" for a year for one dollar.

Good! Brace up again and go in to WIN. You ARE succeeding; better than you realize yet. My WORD is with you daily. Walk straight up to the mark of your desires and you will find every lion is but a lamb. Keep at it. You will gain confidence with every attempt, and win beyond your expectations. I AM with you and success is yours.

—May.

—You may—

—Be what you desire.

—NOT AN APRIL PAPER LEFT.

—Can somebody send me an April NAUTILUS?

—All things work together for good to the irrepressible.

—Back numbers of THE NAUTILUS cannot be supplied.

—"I have been greatly benefited by your treatments, both in mind and body."

—I was born May 11, 1865. About that time peace was declared.

—"Thanks to you I can stand to do a bigger day's work now than for a long time."

—I will speak the WORD for you for nothing. I will answer letters for from one to ten dollars each.

—All who did not read THE NAUTILUS last year should send twenty-five cents for "The Constitution of Man."

—"Why is your WORD any better than mine?" Because mine is impelled by an almighty REALIZATION.

—One year's subscription to THE NAUTILUS and the first month's treatment for health, wealth and development for one dollar.

—"I feel as if I had known you a long time, having heard so much about you and the wonderful cures you have performed."

—"The Undying Character of Thought," by Prof. S. A. Weltmer, advertised in another column, is interesting, and specially so to Bible lovers.

—"I am certainly quieter and happier, many, many thanks to you. You said I would be able to see my progress this past month, and I have."

—A copy of "Government and Laws of the Fraternities of Faithists" will be sent free to any address upon application to Edwin D. Ward, Fruitland, Cal.

—Kate Atkinson Boehme in "Answers to Correspondents," in her March and April issues of "Radiant Centre" gives a splendid, practical exposition of the law of opulence.

—Mr. Fool-killer, kindly permit me to call your attention to two people who have recently returned papers to me without a word to indicate who wants the paper stopped.

—"When you began to treat me my neck measured thirteen and a half inches. Now it measures twelve and three quarters. It is so much better. Please continue another month."

"Judicial Aspects of Mental Therapeutics" is a reprint of an able article recently published in Mind. Its author is J. Elizabeth Hotchkiss, A. M. Ph. D., 39 East 50th Street, New York.

—Fred Burry's Journal for April is glorious. Fred Burry is a poet of the highest order, a poet

with soul so free that there is no rhyme to his lines. But their rhythm is caught from the Universal Soul.

—"Love, Sex, Immortality," is a grand little book by W. P. Phelon, M. D., 509 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco. I think the price is twenty-five cents, and I advise every reader of THE NAUTILUS to send for it.

—"The cheerful, hopeful spirit of THE NAUTILUS has been a great help to me. I have not asked treatment for success but all the same it seems to be coming my way like bright sunshine after cloudy days."

—"Find enclosed dollar for which please renew my subscription and enter me in the Success Circle. I feel I cannot remain outside this Circle, as the only paying investment I ever made in my life was while I was taking your success treatment for a month last fall."

"Suggestive Therapeutics" is growing in interest. The editor's "Cure of Alcoholism" is practical, common sense; to be continued. J. H. Lingo, M. D., in April number expatiates upon "The Fallacy of Drugs." And there are a lot more interesting articles too numerous to mention.

—Mrs. James French-King's "Talks on Psychic or Soul Culture" is a set of seven interesting essays, particularly helpful because the suggestions therein are the results of the author's personal experience. Send two dollars for them to the writer at 2 West 101st Street, New York City.

—"I have tried will power, hustling, close application, the direction of disembodied spirits, and various occupations; all to no purpose. I don't succeed."

When you *make up your mind* to win; settle down to one purpose; and *stick to it*; you will tell a different story.

—Another book that you all want is Ida Craddock's "Right Marital Living." It is still more explicit than Dr. Alice B. Stockham's "Karezza," and is written from an ideal standpoint. Mrs. Craddock has revised and expurgated this edition so that the "Holy Fathers of the American Inquisition" permit it to pass unmolested. Price, 50 cents.

—"You don't know how much good you have done me. Until my friend told me about you I was always taking medicine and now, thanks to God and your teaching, I am nearly well. My business as well as my health is improving. Don't you think that is good?"

Yes; and it will be still better thanks to *you* and my WORD.

—It takes a fool or a knave to guarantee a cure. I AM neither. My WORD *responded* to will grow anything short of an amputated leg. I wouldn't wonder if it does that some day. I speak the WORD with great power. If you vibrate with my WORD you will get well. If not, you won't. Come to me if you want to. Be your own judge. I do not even ask you to try me. If you write me send at least a dollar if you want your letter answered.

—"A man after fourteen years of hard Ascetism in a lonely forest obtained at last the power of walking on the waters. Overjoyed at this acquisition, he went to his teacher and told him of his great feat. At this the master replied, 'My poor boy, what thou hast accomplished after fourteen years of arduous labor ordinary men do the same by paying a penny to the boatman.'"—RAMAKRISHNA.

There is a text for a long sermon which I will not write. Take the text into the silence and let the spirit preach the sermon.

—"Have been expecting and half hoping to hear you are in jail; for it is becoming disgraceful to be out, or not to have been in. Galileo, Bruno, Paine, Heywood, Train, Harman, Thorean, Milford, and nearly everyone else with brains enough for a boa constrictor, heart for a hyena or soul for a shoat has been in. It is just as Emerson declares: 'The world has never been willing that its best

men should live.' They crucify every saint and crown every son of a gun. We will change the program. Good luck! Long life!! Sincerely yours", —C. E. N., Boston.

—The case against me by the federal authorities here for the mailing of alleged obscene matter is settled for all time. That particular issue of THE NAUTILUS can never give me more trouble because the indictment covered the mailing of the whole issue. And no other issue of THE NAUTILUS will cause a repetition of events because, until the Great American Voter learns enough to make him bury the "Holy Fathers of the American Inquisition," and protect teachers of sexology, I shall confine my public teachings strictly to Something Else.

—The secret of success is in concentration of thought. Therefore I treat the Success Circle for business success only. Its members receive my WORD for ONE PURPOSE. All this concentration of thought upon ONE THING creates an almighty and daily increasing vibration which is breaking up the old conditions of poverty and failure, and transforming into opulence mind, body and environment of all who are in conjunction with me through the Success Circle. While I do not treat directly for health, yet every member is benefited in health. Success vibrations are health-giving. About four-fifths of the world's invalids need nothing but success treatments and interests to heal them.

—Mental Science—spelled with caps—is to have an institution of learning. "The Scientific, Philosophic and Ethical School of Research" of Seabreeze, Fla., has been granted a charter. Lots are selling, buildings are sprouting, and in less than no time Helen Wilms, Col. Post, et al, will be teaching the young idea how to shoot. But shades of Ponce de Leon and Brown-Sequard! that's nothing new. They have been teaching the young idea, lo, these many days, with grand and growing success. Having found what the other fellows couldn't find—the fountain of perpetual youth—they will keep right on teaching. If I had half a dozen or so small fry, I should telegraph for a lot or two and camp right alongside that new school. Success to 'em, bless 'em.

—"This company is one of the results of your harmonious vibrations" writes the president of the new Success Oil Company recently incorporated in California for the development of oil wells at Summerland. Capital stock \$1,000,000. Office, 217 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Young, the president, writes further: "This company, from its inception to the present, has been carried strictly on the lines of the New Thought. Everything has come to us in the silence. Our demonstrations have been beautiful and are becoming more so the further we progress. All the members of the company are in full accord with the New Thought, and future actions will be along the same lines."

That is a company I shall take stock in right away off quick. It is already success. Send for a prospectus and you will take stock too. You can get a share for a dollar now, but it will rise shortly.

—Before me is a sweet letter of comfort from Dr. Alice B. Stockham. She says: "Bless your dear heart, did you need this Gethsemane?" Bless you, Alice, I haven't even been in sight of Gethsemane! All that I left behind years ago. There is no agony where I AM. There is peace, joy, VICTORY! Like heaven and hell, Gethsemane is not a place, but a *condition*. The path that many another has trod in pain, regret and lamentation, I have traveled in peace and joy—a song in my heart and a smile in my eyes. No bitter cup has been pressed to my unwilling lips, and no "If it be possible let this cup pass from me" has been the cry of my heart. Of my own free will went I to prison, and my soul is full of sublime exaltation, and power such as I have never before realized. Why? Because I have *proved* that it is *heaven* where I AM.

—"You do not say whether we of the Success Circle are to report every month as in special treatment, or not. The WORD is beginning to materialize for me."

When you have something specially good to report then write me. Expect no answer except in the silence, or mayhap in THE NAUTILUS.

—I have been in jail. While there I received scores of the kindest letters imaginable from old friends and new. They warmed my heart and made me love more; they made me happy. Those friends helped to make heaven for me, not alone for thirty days but for as long as memory shall last. I could not answer those letters; there are too many. But I want to thank each writer for a deep pleasure. I have not even known for a minute the need of friendly sympathy and aid, so freely has it all been offered me. It touches my heart deeply.

—"What is the difference between your WORD and your words?"

The difference between the substance and the shadow; between life and death. The WORD is the life of all words; it includes all words; but it is silent, unseen, omnipotent, omnipresent. Only he who is infinitely still can know the WORD. Words are for the direction of the restless, the noisy, toward the center within themselves, the throne of the WORD OMNIPOTENT. Words are the circumference of which THE WORD is the center; words are the *rays* of the WORD SUN. The WORD is the *concentration* of all words. Concentration is LIFE; diffusion is death. The nearer the WORD one lives, the fewer his words in proportion to the amount of wisdom he disseminates. Therefore my paper is *multum in parvo*. My aim is, not to multiply my words but to *put more into them*. And I AM success.

—"If I were you I would cultivate the SPIRIT of opulence. As soon as you have developed that spirit in yourself *success will come*. LET NOTHING DISCOURAGE YOU. TRUST your own I AM, and take advantage of every opportunity to strengthen yourself. Do the nearest thing at hand *willingly*, and *expect* success, no matter what the appearances are. You are simply looking at the shadow instead of the light. As long as you think of yourself as a failure, as long as you for one instant think yourself in "hard luck," you are holding just those conditions to you. LET GO THE VIBRATIONS OF POVERTY, and they will let go of you. I am trying it and I know. There is no "luck." All is governed to a hair's breadth by immutable law. "As ye sow so shall ye reap." Sow poverty thoughts and you reap a harvest of poverty. Don't *pinch* your Money. Live within your income, but when you *do* spend, bless your money and *let* it go FREELY. That will loosen the grip of the poverty vibrations, and let a little opulence flow into your consciousness.—WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

—"I want to be freed from the impulse to be dictatorial and faultfinding; especially with the children. I want to adjust myself and gain self-control but I seem lacking in will force."

Any human being has will force enough to accomplish anything he desires. It is not lack of will power that ails people, but ignorance of how to use it. Do you remember how you gripped the handle bars when first you rode a wheel? Every nerve and muscle was taut and tense and in spite of all your effort you failed to manage your wheel. Was it from lack of muscular force? No; only from useless expenditure. After a time you held the bars very lightly but *alertly*. The first principle of right use of will power is *let go*. Relax. Quit gritting your teeth. Quit trying to *make* things come to pass. Be quiet and KNOW. Then move gently and you will see things happen. * * When you find Jack and Nellie up to mischief the first thing to do is to *let* them do it. By that time you will have gained control over *yourself*. Then possibly you may be able to do something toward controlling them. You will never do it by bluster and sharp commands and blows; nor by "showing

them their faults." But if you will be still long enough to *find your own heart* you can gain their confidence and win their wills.

—"While my soul is in literature my body is compelled to engage in carpentry to keep soul and body together. I have no love for it. Furthermore I have been laid up all winter with rheumatism so that I cannot even work at my trade."

No wonder; you are a house divided against itself. You are cross eyed. You are trying to do two things at a time and you are therefore a flat fizzle. Do one thing or the other with *all* your soul. You have the power to choose. If you choose poetry you will starve to death. Poetry is your strong point, but *circumstances* are compelling you to *strengthen your weak points*. You are a Mary naturally. Now you are being forced to cultivate the Martha side of you. Your circumstances are just what they should be to keep you from growing more one-sided. You didn't know that, so you fretted and stewed and generated the acid of rheumatism. Therefore this is thus. Now quit. *Put your soul, your thought, your mind, your poetry into your carpentry. Get interested* in your work. See how much beauty and utility, how much soul and poetry, you can put into each piece of work. GET INTERESTED in excelling yourself and all past records. Go in, soul and mind as well as body, to *build success*. You can do it. After a little, better paying work will come to you. You will *attract* money because you will have begun to put your beautiful soul into something that somebody is willing to pay for. The reason nobody wants to pay for your poetry is because it is the fruit of a one-sided, impractical, unbalanced, uncontrolled nature. Drop poetry until you have attained success in the line indicated, until you have developed the practical side of you. *Then* you will be able to write something the world will listen to and pay you for. Jesus served a good many years at the carpenter's bench before he set the world afire. If you can see the point, and put your whole WILL into the practice, you will shorten the time in this particular class in the school of life.

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